

A Ballad Intituled, the Dickaye of the Duke.

You see by good triall, what comis of the Duke,
Turne yet to the Diall, of Gods holie Booke,



The people of England that hold with the Pope,
May see the p[re]fermentes that folowe the same,
The highest and lowest, hee bringes to the kyng,
And straungers and Tyrantes do laugh at the game.
You see by good triall, what comis of the Duke
Turne yet to the Diall of Gods holie Booke.

¶ Thus are we still spoyled of hono[ur] and fame,
By Prelats that practise to poysen vs all,
The Pope is the Pestilence, and Ronne hath the name,
Wher with we come wittlesse to westminster hall.
You see by good triall, what comis of the Duke
Turne yet to the Diall of Gods holie Booke.

¶ The Duke had great fano[ur] with Justice attayned,
But of an ill matter what could be decreed,
For Lordes of great Hono[ur] where he was arayned,
Had p[ro]pose to apparant, of manie swle deed.
You see by good triall. &c.

¶ Not trifles, but Treasons, so manie devised,
As all the world wondered such venom to heare,
In letters, and answers, and wrtinges compised,
No waye to be confred to set the Duke cleare.
You see by good triall. &c.

¶ Out of your oppinnion, of all his p[ro]ceedinge,
I[nc]hesive cloked, coms never to good,
I thinke all the Lawyres were werie of readinge,
And all the hole people in storimes as they stroode.
You see by good triall. &c.

¶ To tell the hole treatise, the tale were to longe,
Against the good Ladie, our Queene that now raignes,
How manie deuises to do her grace wronge,
By Pope holie practise, were pact in his b[ea]ches.
You see by good triall. &c.

¶ And then to his countrey, what sequell ensued,
Alas to apparant, the perill dwelle we me,
In blood to the elbos we had bin embewed,
Whiche God hath forbiidden, that gouernes the skye.
You see by good triall. &c.

¶ The Duke or his doinges what more shall I tell ye,
But God of his goodnes yet giv[eth] him some grace,
For in myne oppinnion you papistes I smell ye,
You are yet to manie that hold with the case.
You see by good triall. &c.

¶ Whose Rumors yet roaring can hardlie be still,
A Canckred condicione in haytiffes vnkinde,
The devill now doubteth he is dathed of his will,
Yet Babylon babes will bragge to be blind.
You see by good triall. &c.

¶ When wantous thought wothie, once stand on the toppe
Theire steppes are so tickle they cannot stand still,
One legge in good fashion is better to hopp,
Then two legges at Randon to Ronne where ye will.
You see by good triall. &c.

¶ As Pittie lamenteth the losse of his grace,
That once beinge Noble myght Noble have done
So triall tormentith that one in his place,
To Rebells and Riottes se rashlye woulde ronne.
You see by good triall. &c.

¶ But such as be seekers, to set all at square,
With straungers, and neigbours, of horible name,
Do shew by theyr Pitchers what Potters they are,
What Iolte compagnions of Catholique fame.
You see by good triall. &c.

¶ Welwillers are willinge to here and to see,
The good and the Cobly regarders of rule,
Welwillers vnwillinge good quiet shold bee,
As Scollers ware trewantes that loue not the scoole.
You see by good triall.

¶ But neate with our blissinge, the braches of our season,
There haue bin great warninges, as this maye be one,
A Duke of highe hono[ur], to fall to highe Creasen,
Both hee, and his hono[ur], how soone they be gone.
You see by good triall. &c.

¶ Wherfore it behoueth, as God doth aduaunce vs,
To honour, to fano[ur], to worshipp, or welth,
We are to consider, it maye so bechaunce vs,
To lose all together, good hap, and god helthe.
You see by good triall.

¶ Wherfore to our dutties, we are bound to app're,
Our Queene and our countreye to hono[ur] and praise,
Content to live loe, but if ye ware hic,
To live within lawe, and lengthen our dayes.
You see by good triall. &c.

¶ God prosper the Queene, her Nobles and frendes,
Her subiectes assured, of exerte degree,
And God of his goodnes shoren the endes,
Of all her offendres, if anie moze bee.

¶ Finis. qd. M. Olderton.

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